

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow;
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "child let out,"
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman—old and gray
Hastened the child down their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.
Least the carriage wheel or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop,
The merriest liddle of all the group:
He passed beside her and whispered low,
"You are somebody's mother, are you?"
Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Fond that his own were young and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, poor and slow."
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.
And "somebody's mother" loved low her head
In her home that night; and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"
—Harper's Weekly.

STORY TELLER.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

"John Wallace!" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."
"Visitors?" I repeated to myself. "I must be a lucky, too, as well as a drudge! Well, so be it. It is only another stick to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back, so much the better. I shall be done with it."
When, at my father's death, finding his estate heavily incumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially speaking, in ice-water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence. I could have borne all this well enough, had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.
She was a beautiful girl, young and, as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.
But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me that his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions, and as I received no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself, I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this I lost hope, and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.
I left the village, and after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang-master in the pits.
Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.
This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was living only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.
It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signalled from above.
As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father!

simple sight-seeing tour after all. Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard, had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

I stepped confidently forward, there fore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat quick and loud as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly, than when we had been intimate two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler, and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me. Two seasons I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, for my own sake, as a woman never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were parting to descend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madam, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively.

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no faraway hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm. We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion. She loitered on one pretext or another, until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me, and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?
I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self control and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent. I therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I followed her quietly but skilfully, and after the galleries had been explored twice over and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.
As we entered the upper level, we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.
Eve's eye caught sight of it.
"Here is a chamber we have not seen," she said.
No, madam, I interposed, "it is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice, and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost plainly as words.

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to disabuse her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot into the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the under-world, detected a hint of coming danger.

There was faint rumbling in the earth. The air was close, had a faint of electricity in it similar to that which precedes a thunderstorm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my visitor to a hasty retreat I caught sight of some small fragments wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! out for your lives!" I cried, springing towards the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and tramping of the escaping men. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the lives of every one of them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it, the jet was no larger than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber. There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sand-bags to check it, as I well knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half around towards the opening in the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"And what are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned?" she exclaimed.
"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said in a strangely gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me!" I cried. "I have known you from the moment we entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty!" I cried.

"When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly Mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well, said I, sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must!" I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why?" I asked, amazedly; "are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or—love?"

Then, before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side as I stood with my wrist in the wall, and, putting her arm around my neck, drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said sweetly, "but it will be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there, with my arm in the fissure, with the blood surging in my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm young cheek touched my cold one in the embrace of love and death.

Then consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not do. Go live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death so gloriously as I shall."

"We go out together, or we die together," she said firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped as I could tell by their distant shouts. The earth was breaking away around my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring more threateningly in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? Was there not yet one hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time we might perhaps escape after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. I will hold on here a moment more. If we can reach it we are safe."

Eve looked at me sharply an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind, but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next thirty seconds seemed like hours.

I desperately held my own against the water, while every vein seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend, then the water overcame me.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from the Maberly Mine. I was so long John Wallace, gang-master, but Wallace Grover, gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me, and, like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene.

My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit than I had imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never faltered in all wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the turn affairs were taking, he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's inclination; and I will do him the justice to say that he performed his part at our wedding with a very good grace.

SOLID SUCCESS.

The surest road to success in life is that of persistent and thorough work. Speculators, who make money rapidly, generally lose it with equal rapidity. It is the patient, steady plodders who gain and keep fortunes. Mr. William H. Webb, the great ship-builder of New York, is a good example for the young men of the United States.

His father had won a fortune in ship-building, and like many loving fathers, wished an easier life for his favorite boy. But the young man preferred his father's trade, and determined to master it.

He went into the ship-yard like a common workman, beginning at the foot of the ladder, and acquired great skill in the use of all the tools. Soon even the experienced hands did not equal him in nicety of work.

He was still a young man when his father died, but he continued the business, and won in it a high reputation. He was the first man in the yard in the morning, and the last to leave it at night.

With his own hand he drew the model of every vessel built therein; wrote in a book every specification of the building, and marked on the frame the place for every stick of timber. No better vessels, either for war or for commerce, were built in the world than came from Webb's yard. Of the hundred and forty built under his own eye, not one proved a failure.

Sir Titus Salt, the great English manufacturer of ripens used to boast, when he was a mill-maire, that he could at a minute's notice take the place of any workman in his vast factory. He was master not only of the financial but that of the mechanical part of his business.

Religions of the World.

The patient investigation of the numerical strength of the various Churches of the United States up to January 1st, 1881, being the latest reliable statistics, furnishes instructive material for reflection and study.

Many persons who have believed that the Methodists headed the list have been in error. The Catholics, though having only 5,670 churches and 6,612 priests, have 6,174,203 members.

There are in the Methodist Church 2,736,494. There are 2,260,431 Baptists. It will thus be seen that there are about three times as many Catholics as Methodists or Baptists, and that there is a close rivalry between the last two.

Taking the Church proper, the Baptists exceed the Methodists in numbers, but reckoning all in each denomination, which is a fair for one as another, the Methodists rank next to the Catholics. There are 891,458 Presbyterians; the Lutherans number 383,685; Christians (Disciples of Christ), 567,448; Congregationalists, 323,876; Protestant Episcopalians, 155,473; Reformed Church in the United States, 154,742; United Evangelicals, 144,000; Mormons, 110,377.

The Protestants of various sects come next, and predominate in the United States, which has 30,000,000; Germany, 25,835,558; Great Britain, 26,000,000; Sweden, 4,313,800; Russia, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,558,000; South America, 2,000,000—aggregating in all 108,629,509, or about one-half as many as the Catholics.

The Greeks have 54,000,000 in Russia, and the rest are to be found in Turkey, Austria, Greece, and Germany, aggregating 70,482,000. The Armenians and Abyssinians number 3,000,000 respectively; the Jacobites, 950,000; Nestorians, 170,000; and the Maronites, 150,000. These are all of the Christian religions of the civilized world, and the total membership is 388,249,764. As there are 1,348,700,000 inhabitants of the earth, and 388,249,764 of the above class of Church members, there are 960,450,236 individuals who manifestly have a religion of their own or their fathers, so to speak. These are the Buddhists, Shintoes, Aborigines, Pagans, Parsees, Mohammedans, Hindus, and Jews, whose numerical strength has been given.—Southern Cross.

The Wolf as a Reformer.

One day a Wolf, who had been pondering deeply for a whole week, started out on a walk through the forest. Meeting a Jackal, he said:

"My friend, pause for a little time while I give you a few words of advice. You are a cross, snarling creature, hated by men and despised by all the Creatures of the Forest. Let me hope that you will mend your ways and reform."

"Ho! ho! ho! but you are a pretty specimen to give me advice!"

"Why, it isn't a month since you devoured an old woman and chased a Professor of Education into the River!"

The Wolf passed on until he met a Hyena. By that time he had recovered his cheek, and he worked up a sad, sweet smile, and observed:

"My dear Mr. Hyena, you would be an ornament to society if you would cut your nails and clean your teeth. Let me hope that you will cease your depredations and become an honest, conscientious animal."

"That's nice talk from an old wretch who lies in ambush for children!" replied the Hyena. "Why, if I was half as mean as you, are I'd want some deacon Jack-Rabbit to kick me to death!"

The wolf next met a Fox, and after the usual salutations regarding the backward condition of the crops, the Reformer began:

"My Friend, I feel it my duty to advise you to quit stealing spring chickens and get your living in an honest manner. Show the world that you want to be good and respectable, and you will soon be loved and honored."

"Taffy!" grinned Reynard, "taffy on a chip! You old villain, you'd better own up to some of the dozen murders you have committed!"

The Wolf next met an owl, and when they had compared notes on the Malley trial, the Reformer said:

"My dear Friend, why is it that neither the Jackal, the Hyena nor the Fox will receive my advice to reform?"

"My venerable fellow-traveler,"

slowly replied the Owl, "reform should begin at home. Wash up—get rid of your bad breath—clean out your den—quit stealing and murdering—drill some decency into your own family, and then come and see us."

MORAL.

It is the men in State Prison who most lament the wickedness of outsiders.—Detroit Free Press.

Their First Appearance.

Envelopes were first made in 1839. The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798. Mohammed was born at Mecca about 790.

The first iron steamship was built in 1630. The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569. The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807. The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1838. The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first watches were made in Nuremberg in 1477. Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Perussion arms were used in the U. S. army in 1830. Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1679. The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

First saw maker's anvil brought to America in 1819. First almanac printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620. Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1853.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first prayer book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whitsunday, 1549.

The first coach in Scotland was brought thither in 1561, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander Lord Seaton.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first daily newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on September 25, 1790.

The first society for the exclusive purpose for circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible society.

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the first of January, 1776, over the camp of Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red and retained the English cross in the corner.

Inherited Wealth.

The less you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterwards. Wealth inherited should be the incentive to exertion. Instead of that, "it is the title-deed to sloth." The only money that does a man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothes, seldom fits the one who comes into possession. Ambition, stimulated by hope and a half filled purse, has a power that will triumph over all difficulties, beginning with the rich man's contumely, and leaving off with the envious man's malice.

A Necessity of the Day.

Few minor inventions have been so readily appreciated and come so quickly into general use as the stylographic pen. None who have used one will ever be contented with any less convenient apparatus for writing, and in a short time there will be few who have occasion to write at all who have not adopted it. The general principle of the stylographic pen is so familiar as to require no explanation. We have made trial of various kinds, but have found none to equal the improved Livermore Stylographic Pen, which combines all the advantages of other makes. It is convenient to use, writes with any kind of good ink, and is practically indestructible. Sold at first for \$3 each, the price has recently been reduced to \$2 for plain pens, with fifty cents extra for gold mounted. By sending that amount to Louis E. Dunlap, Manager Stylographic Pen Company, 290 Washington Street, Boston, a pen, together with a package of superior ink, will be sent by return mail, and the money will be at once refunded if they do not prove to be perfect in every respect.—Morning Mail, Lowell, Mass.

CRITICISM.

There are few of us who do not at times feel ruffled and frightened and depressed at the criticism or ridicule or superficial judgments which may be passed upon us. Perhaps the feeling itself is natural, and not without its possible use. But that depends wholly upon how we treat it. If it simply arouses us to review our position, to examine into the quality of the criticism, and give it its due weight, and thus to stand steadfastly upon a still firmer basis, it has done a good work. But if, in our terror at being censured or laughed at we suddenly repudiate our opinions, or let go our principles, or abandon our plans, or change our methods, then we have begun to forgo for ourselves chains of slavery which will bind us with ever firmer bonds to the most fickle and unreasonable of tyrants.

A Soap-Bubble Sociable.

A Hartford young lady gave a "soap-bubble" the other evening. Two long tables were set with clay pipes and china bowls filled with soap-suds, one bowl to each couple. Three prizes were given to the competitors, who stood in rows with the puffy cheeks of cherubim most of the evening. The first prize was a pretty cup and saucer to the guest who blew the largest bubble. Second prize, a hand mirror, for the largest number; and the third, a match-safe, for the least number. The young ladies were dressed in pretty walking costumes, finished with soft ruffles, and some of them wore fragrant bunches of English violets. The rooms were filled with floating, bounding bubbles.—Exchange.

Family Life.

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull, and too often made so, just for the want of recognizing what it stands for. The relations of life that go to form the household are the source not only of life's richest joys and most sacred memories, but also of some of the finest and noblest characteristics of man. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self sacrifice that are nourished by family life, are among the richest possessions of humanity. It can never become wearisome or commonplace, save to those who fail to comprehend its meaning or refuse to act in harmony with it.

Patience.

If patience be simply a slothful love of ease that can cause us to shun exertion, or an excessive restraint preventing rightful efforts at improvement, it is unworthy, and should be driven away; but if it be that tranquility which is in harmony with nature and all her plans—which can afford to wait the appointed time for all things, and yet is never wearied in well-doing—which can endure with fortitude the inevitable, and yet lose no opportunity for helping what can be helped and improving what can be improved—which speaks of power held in reserve, but waiting only the right moment to spring into action—then we may well hope that such a "patience may have her perfect work."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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LIFE is full of strange coincidences.

Great events seldom come singly. This has led us to think that if coincidence has anything to do with importance, the great mass meeting of deaf-mutes held in Steinway Hall on Saturday last, was one of the events of deaf-mute history; for did it not occur simultaneously with the Wiggins storm. It is true that neither the storm nor the meeting amounted to much, so far as results were concerned, but no one can deny that the indications in both cases were promising. The question whether the Wiggins storm affected the success of the deaf-mute meeting, or the meeting tempered the fury of the storm, will forever remain a matter of conjecture. Both the storm and mass meeting are things of the past; but the effort to organize a mutual benefit association is still being made. Some of the most influential and intelligent of New York's deaf-mutes are greatly in favor of the project, and will leave no stone unturned to accomplish its success.

The object of the association will be to promote industry among deaf-mutes, and to assist those who are not skilled workmen to become adepts in some special trade. It is proposed to make the organization self-supporting after a few years. Those who partake of its benefits in the way of industrial instruction, are expected to refund the money advanced as soon as their income will permit without detriment to their welfare. The society will advance capital to deaf-mutes, to enable such as are capable to start business on their own account.

So far as the objects are concerned, the plan is a good one; but it is questionable whether or not it can be made practicable. It would require a large capital, much thought, and a great deal of individual worry and labor to carry on such an organization, and it would take a long time to secure the money required to start with. The benefits of the society could not be dispensed for many years, and the working limits would of necessity be so circumscribed as to cramp its usefulness and power. If the design is to aid those who are destined to gain their living in industrial occupations, if it is thought that the skill and efficiency of such is not up to the standard, then the proper way to help them would be to strike at the root of the evil. The institutions profess to teach trades; if their capacity is limited or their execution imperfect, it would be wiser and preferable to do something which would tend to increase the advantages and enhance the value of the industrial departments. It may not be generally known that legislature does not recognize the industrial departments, but only makes appropriations for the classroom education of its deaf-mute beneficiaries. If a separate and distinct appropriation were set apart for industrial instruction by the State, then the efficiency and the value of the shops would be increased fourfold, and the number of incompetent workmen would dwindle into insignificance. Such a result would make relief societies unnecessary, and would do more in five years for the social welfare of the deaf and dumb than any society of the kind proposed could do in fifty years.

NOTICE

The Holy-Week Services, beginning on Sunday, March 18th, will be held daily at the usual hours in St. Ann's Church, 18th St. near 5th Avenue. Monday night, Rev. Dr. Wildes will preach, Tuesday night, Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer, and Wednesday night, Rev. Dr. Maynard. On Thursday night the Holy Communion will be celebrated. On Good Friday night Rev. Archdeacon Kirkby will preach. Rev. Dr. Galland will interpret at these services. Deaf-mutes are invited.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

A subscriber asks for the address of John G. Saxton, of Troy, N. Y.

A subscriber wishes to learn how many deaf-mutes there are in Davenport and Des Moines, Ia.

The printers in Kansas Star office are expecting new type and a new press. We hope their expectations will be realized.

George Pepin has left County Line, and is now working in Mt. Clemens, Mich. He is the champion deaf-mute wrestler.

Miss Mary S. Bosworth, of Eastford, Ct., made a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Cutter, of Worcester, Mass., recently.

The wife of Geo. F. Cutter, of Worcester, Mass., is at present visiting her father, who is a great sufferer from stomach trouble.

David Brice will probably move to Elgin, Ill., where he will work as an engraver on watches and jewelry in the Elgin Watch Works.

Miss Rose Kelly, of Brooklyn, and Miss R. McIrvine, visited Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bond on Sunday evening, March 4th.

John McGinn, of Providence, R. I., will be released from the State farm in a few days. He was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for drunkenness.

A Washington special to the Boston Herald says that among the prominent guests at the residence of Mrs. Clements were Dr. E. M. Galaudet and daughter.

A lady correspondent writes: Those who attended the Twilight Union party on March 17th should wear green dresses or ribbons, in honor of St. Patrick's Birthday.

Bishop Bedell confirmed a class of fourteen persons in Grace Church, Cleveland, on Sunday, the 4th inst. Two were deaf-mutes. Rev. Mr. Mann was absent in Pittsburgh.

Miss Rachel McIrvine, whose address is 416 E. 63d St., New York, is anxious to hear from her friend, Mrs. Dopp (nee Goodman), as she intends to leave the city soon, to be absent some time.

The property of Tommy York, captain of the league Clevelanders, was in charge of Mr. Levi A. Lester, keeper of the Lester storage building, during the winter. He knows York and his wife well.

James O'Neil, formerly of Lowell, Mass., is now a citizen of Providence, R. I. He is a machinist. He swore off drinking, and contemplates buying a "killing" suit this spring. May he prosper.

Mrs. William A. Jackson, nee Miss Renode, is now in this city on a visit to her parents. She left Attleboro, Mass., last Monday. Mr. Jackson was not able to accompany her on account of his business.

There is a rumor afloat in little Rhody, that Mrs. Nellie McGinness, nee O'Gara, will pay her relatives a visit next summer. The mutes would be glad to see her, and are glad that she is doing well in Columbia, O.

George E. Fischer, who has been in Austin, Texas for nearly two years, expects to return north in May. He is just able to be out, after a five-month illness, and is in a fair way to recover his former health.

There was a nice party at the house of Miss Carrie Jackson, in Attleboro, Mass., on the 19th, of February. Cards of invitation were sent to several mutes, but only four responded. However, there were nine hearing persons.

William Bennett, of Fall River, Mass., will get out of the New Bedford prison in two weeks, after the expiration of a year's sentence. His offense was the theft of a silver watch. He is a sailor, and is a very smart mute, and ought to know better.

The New Palis Independent, of March 2, says: "Mr. Bernard Clancy was arrested and brought from Brooklyn on a criminal charge preferred by Eliza Rose, by Officer Bush. His trial will take place to-day." Miss Rose is a deaf-mute, and a graduate of the New York Institution.

George Prigge, a former resident of Wilmington, N. C., left Pawtucket, R. I., a fortnight ago, and is now employed in a woolen mill in Manville, three miles from Woonsocket. He would like to hear from his Raleigh friend through the JOURNAL, and wants to know if Bingham is now at the New York School.

Tickets, each representing a brick for a deaf-mute church to be built in Philadelphia, are being sold by deaf-mutes at five cents a "brick." Up to last week \$67 had been obtained. This amount was collected in four weeks. Rev. Mr. Kyle is to be congratulated on the progress that is being made, and we hope ere long to hear that the fund has reached a figure which will enable them to begin to work on the proposed edifice.

Some weeks ago Mrs. Anna A. Brown, wife of C. Ang Brown, visited Mrs. Pembroke Steward, of Hartland, Maine. She went there by railroad and stage, a distance of about fifty miles. Mrs. Steward and her husband were much surprised to see her, as they had not expected her. Mrs. Brown enjoyed the visit much and went to visit the woolen factories, tannery and buildings, and the churches on Sunday. Pembroke Steward is a steady workman. He works on a roller in the tannery. He has worked there for 25 years.

Three Men Sentenced for Life.

BANGOR, ME., March 2.—The Chadbourns, father and two sons, Walter and Wallace, who have been in jail for a long time, were sentenced to imprisonment for life, for the murder of Alvin Wilson at Parkman, in June, 1881. Wilson, it was claimed was intimate with Walter Chadbourn's wife, and was murdered in the night, receiving fifty-two cuts, twenty of them to the head, and one eye fatal. Samuel Chadbourn, a deaf-mute son, confessed the crime, and the bloody knife was found in his pocket; the bloody clothes and knife belonging to Wallace Chadbourn were also found and blood on the old man's hair and whiskers. The mute is not believed to have committed the crime alone, and he was sent to the asylum to be educated so that he could tell who did it, but failing to develop any intelligence, he goes to the insane asylum.—Cincinnati, O., Morning Journal, March 3d.

Mr. A. Ekardt is expected to give a splendid lecture next week, the 22d inst.

On account of the illness of his son, Rev. Mr. Mann was obliged to cancel his appointments for Des Moines, Clinton, and Michigan City.

According to the last census, there were only 27,794 deaf people in Germany, and a French editor takes these figures to prove that Wagner did not get a fair chance in his own country.—The N. Y. Sun.

New York deaf-mutes should not fail to attend the recitation of "Foul Play," to be delivered by Mr. John F. O'Brien, next Wednesday evening, March 21st, at the Catholic Literary Union rooms. Entrance at 40 W. 16th Street.

On the 27th of last month, Mr. Elisha Davis and his wife, very aged deaf-mutes of Thomaston, Ct., tendered Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ould and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Genet a dinner and supper, in honor of Mr. Ould's birthday. May he see many more such happy birthdays.

Peter Klingman, brother of Frank Klingman, of New York, died on Saturday, March 15th, and was buried on the 12th in Calvary Cemetery. He had been ill with "Pneumonia" for two years. His brother and widowed mother feel his loss very much, as he was the chief support of the household.

Mr. Arthur H. Wells, of West Springfield, Mass., writes in reply to the JOURNAL of the 22d of February, concerning himself and Mrs. Livingston, who are suspected of sending Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Conn., the "Memento." They are very happy to say that they deny all knowledge of it.

Two weddings which are exciting much interest in this vicinity, take place soon. The first that of Miss Emma Whittier, of Bangor, Maine, to Mr. Leo Greis, of Brooklyn, occurs on the 28th of this month, and the second, that of Miss Leonard C. Gray, of Brooklyn, to Mr. J. W. Pratt, of Middletown, Ct., on May 16th.

Mr. Adolph Ekardt will deliver a lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association, on the evening of Thursday, March 22d. What the subject of his lecture will be is not yet known, but it is expected to be an interesting one, and it is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance.

Mr. John Bennett would like to see his deaf-mute friends at the Christian Association Hall, at 2:30 o'clock, on the 18th (Sunday), in Clinton Street, Newark, N. J. All deaf-mutes who can be there, are solicited to be present. His subject will be, "How do we know that we are reconciled to God?"

In the article issued last week, concerning the exhibition made by the Philadelphia mutes before the State Legislature. The names of the pupils were not mentioned, so now it is thought proper to give a list of their names to let their friends know. The writers from class '83, were Misses Hattie Lefter and Bertha Mann, Messrs. Patrick McDowell, Edwin Harsh and Edward Carr, from class '82, Misses Annie C. Schatz, Lillie Brown and Laura E. Frederick, and Messrs. Gurley Hoterman and Robert Kersetter.

Mr. Michael Toner, also from class '83, told amusing stories in the sign-language. Mr. Oliver N. Krause made an oral speech, and Misses Helen Levi and Maggie McGinnis read from the lips.

A Burglar's Blunder.

(New York Herald, March 12.) George Smith, a colored man, living at No. 112 West Seventeenth street, was arrested yesterday morning at four o'clock in the act of robbing St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Eighteenth St., near Fifth Avenue. Smith and a companion were lurking about the church for nearly an hour before the attempt was made. When it was thought the coast was clear, Smith sprang over the low fence in front of the church and, leaving his companion to watch, made for the rear of the edifice along the dark lane of its side. He forced open the basement window with a blacksmith's chisel, and going inside secured linen, a piano cover and other articles to the value of \$50. In the meantime Patrolman John Roberts happened to pass, and as he made his appearance the "lookout" scampered away. His flight aroused the policeman's suspicions, and he examined the doors of the church. As he was doing so, Smith appeared with the stolen property. It was so dark that the thief mistook the officer for his companion, and threw the stolen property into his arms, with the remark, "Hold them."

"I think I'll hold you as well," said Roberts, and he marched his prisoner and the property to the Thirtieth street police station.

In the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, the prisoner was remanded to allow the police time to secure his companion.

From Philadelphia.

Heigho! for the new Catholic Society. A splendid chance for the Catholics here to show their spiritedness. May success attend this movement. Will the Cleric Literary Association level its opposing spirit against the organization, (should it be made), as it did the Lyceum a few years ago? Or, dare it make another such unsuccessful attempt as the first one recorded?

We were surprised to hear of the organization of the Deaf-Mutes Mutual Benefit Association, through a well written article, in the last issue of the JOURNAL. It is a great step towards progress, and a movement of unquestionable benefit, considering the deaf-mute world. To those who have hitherto believed the deaf incapable of carrying out such a project, it will be a great surprise. It indisputably deserves our patronage. We hope to hear more about this association. ADVERTISING.

MR. SPY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. William R. Cullingworth obliged the Cleric Literary Association with a very interesting lecture last Thursday evening, the subject being "The art of engraving." The gentleman in question was one of the original members who organized the Cleric Literary Association, which has been operating very excellently for eighteen years. What society can beat the C. L. A.?

A swindler, whose name I have no authority to disclose for a short time, sharply got \$27 from a certain mute farmer of the north eastern part of Pennsylvania, on promising he would bring hams and eggs and other produce to sell in this city, but up to the present time he has not sent the money he secured for their sale, but

uses the money on himself with great pleasure.

When the pupils exhibiting at Harrisburg, Pa., arrived at the Institution, they felt as big as any body from Europe.

The writer cannot see any reason why Philadelphia mutes should not have a Catholic society. Let them devote themselves to the interests of the society in question, as soon as it will be permanently organized.

The writer highly approves of the article in last week's JOURNAL, written by "Justice."

A high-toned and popular mute of this city, was disagreeably surprised on Sunday morning, not long ago. On Saturday evening, as he was about leaving work, he proceeded to change his toilet. In so doing, he omitted to change one of his boots. The mistake passed unheeded until Sunday morning, when he went to shine up for the day, you can hardly imagine the extent of his indignation; but the worst of it was the mistake was past redemption, as his stock in limited frames at the time was found.

When a man is so deaf that he does not hear the invitation to drink, it is safe to talk sweet to his wife right before him.

The reason for the withdrawal of the Chirological Lyceum Excursion to Baltimore next July, is because the members, who prefer to attend the National Convention in New York next August, are preparing to store their money for that occasion. Be wise.

A certain mute, whose name I am bound to withhold, conceived an idea of purchasing a stove-pipe hat. Having accomplished this, he strode around with all the pretensions of our modern aristocrat, imagining himself one of the taller class. But how sad the mistake was. He miscalculated his exertions. On this point he found himself unequal to the task of increasing his height. We are glad to see that he has come to understand this, and come to himself again. The delusion which enveloped him has fled, and he stands around to-day the same little man as of old, with his trim derby.

A popular mute gentleman of West Philadelphia, while entertaining a few friends at his handsome residence not very long ago, met with an accident, the particulars of which I shall proceed to give you. As usual on such occasions, his understandings were decorated with a handsome pair of embroidered slippers. Hearing a noise from the adjoining room, and feeling that all was not well, he proceeded to investigate the cause. The result was the finding of two cats seemingly engaged in a warm discussion. The idea of those two fighting in opposition to his mandates, enraged him. He went for them with a vim peculiar to enraged persons, but in doing so the slipper was too slippery, and the cats too wary. The consequence was, of course, missing his object, he brought his toe in contact with the wall, with such force that it left him minus the use of that member for some time.

Perhaps the election of Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett prevented the storm, which was prophesied by Wiggins. MR. SPY.

MILWAUKEE ITEMS.

All the mutes are doing well here, except Lena Downey's married sister, who is very dangerously sick in bed. Frank Poellman, a St. Francis (Catholic) Deaf and Dumb Asylum graduate, is still happy at his trade—harnessmaking. He is a jolly and good-hearted "feller."

Leo Dorn, W. Honp and E. Sturmburg are as busy as bees at cigar-making. They are gey smokers, and often treat other mutes to Havanas.

THIS CITY WILL BE SOON SHORT OF MUTES.

Wm. Neunmayer, a tinner, will soon say "good-bye" to his numerous friends here. He goes to Dakota, for the purpose of securing three hundred and sixty acres of land from the United States Government. Hope he will become a leading mute granger there. When he goes there, we hope he will send some news to the JOURNAL.

Oscar Angelroth, a No. 1 master of Aiken, Odgson & Co.'s shoe factory, said that some correspondent has made a little mistake in No. 4 of the JOURNAL, concerning his going to Idaho this spring. He means to go to Chicago this spring instead of Idaho. It is understood that he will procure some employment at the Pullman car shop, where five deaf-mutes are working.

P. S. Engelhardt, our well-known favorite, is going to crawl out of his native place for the Far West, for good. It is feared that every mute girl will miss him. He is one of the oldest mute settlers in this city, where he has lived for thirty-eight years. We sincerely hope that he will have a good luck in his travels.

"Jersey Lily vs. Freddie—Miss Kate Cloughlin, a semi-mute 'typo,' has left Freddie Stickle, and gone to Kenosha, Wis., to live with her dear parents.

Walek Grai, a weather-beaten laborer, is working on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. The work is unsafe for a deaf-mute, and we hope he will take warning, and leave there and get another place.

John Downey's darling wife and a pretty daughter have recently been to the country, to visit their old folks. They are now exceedingly happy at home with John Downey. He is still an assistant foreman at the leading trunk manufactory. He has worked at his trade for the past seventeen years. WANDERING JEW.

The Peet Bust.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Reading in your issue of the 8th, of a project to place in the New York Institution a memorial bust of Dr. Harvey P. Peet, I would respectfully suggest that the teachers of that Institution select a Committee from among their number for the purpose of soliciting contributions. "Clip" very properly urges that the graduates of Fawcett are numerous enough to make the project a success, and it is certain they will do so if only proper means are taken to inform them concerning the matter. As no formal reunion of the New York Institution graduates has been held in many years, the occasion of unveiling the bust might also be a most suitable time for the gathering of the *Alumni*. Let the Committee be appointed, and if they begin an active canvass, there is little doubt that the result will be favorable. FAXWOOD '79.

PITTSBURG, PA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As this is my first effort to write for your columns, and thinking, perhaps, a few items from the Smoky City would interest your readers, I trust my effusion will not be thrown into the waste basket, but will be accorded a snug little corner in your excellent paper.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services in the Sixth Avenue Trinity Church, of this city, Sunday, March 4th. The day being a very stormy one, the attendance was rather slim. Had the weather been pleasant, no doubt a much larger attendance would have been present. Nevertheless, those present enjoyed the sermon hugely, given, of course, in the sign-language.

Samuel Taylor, since his release from custody, seems to have folded his tent and silently stole away. At least, it is the supposition among the natives here that he has left the city. If such is the case, the mutes of this city are to be congratulated, as he was a very desperate character, and frequented the lowest dens of the city. Your readers are doubtless aware of the facts concerning his arrest and sentence to the work-house some time since, but on account of his being a mute, the work-house authorities refused to receive him, and in consequence he escaped with only a light jail sentence.

Your correspondent, while strolling down Fourth Avenue the other day, happened to drop into the studio of Andrew Donaldson. Mr. Donaldson is a self-taught mute artist of more than ordinary ability, and has the reputation of a first-class artist, and his productions have compared favorably with any ever seen. Among the productions of his art, is a handsome crayon portrait of Prof. McWhorter, late of the Turtle Creek Institution, whose death, your readers are doubtless aware, occurred on the 14th of last January.

Mr. Cherry, a mute of this city, while passing along an unfrequented thoroughfare one night last week, was set upon by some unknown party, and knocked down and considerably bruised about the head. He says he has not slightest idea who his assailant was, as he has not an enemy that he knows of.

The Report of the Turtle Creek Institution, for the year ending September 30, has been issued. Forty thousand dollars has been applied for to the Legislature, for the purpose of finishing and furnishing the proposed new building. The attendance, during the year was 124, seventy-seven of whom were males, and forty-seven females, this County (Allegheny) furnishing nearly one-half. No deaths among the pupils occurred during the year. The amount subscribed to the building fund amounts to \$43,350.

C. A. Cool has returned from his visit to Cleveland, and can now be found at the Leader office, where he is employed. He informs your correspondent that, while in Cleveland, he had his attention drawn to an item in a late issue of the JOURNAL of his contemplated marriage with a lady of that city. He says it was untrue, and that the party that had it inserted, did so out of pure selfish motives.

Cincinnati News.

Mrs. Zulema Hoagland is very low with pneumonia accompanied by heart disease. It is very doubtful that she will recover, on account of her age.

Last Saturday night, A. Rembeck, a graduate of the Georgia Institution, distributed cigars among his male friends to celebrate his birthday, while they were dispersing for home after the society adjourned. Every one wished him a happy birthday.

Henry Barde celebrated his twenty-second anniversary by inviting his friends to his house last Sunday evening. The invited were Messrs. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Fred Reiker, Wm. J. Blount, John Kelly, Woolley and John Hahn. They enjoyed themselves in different ways till the wee sma' hours reminded them that it was time to go home. They did ample justice to victuals which were displayed on the table, when Henry asking them to come to sup with him. He got a pair of gold sleeve-buttons from his step-mother. He is a nice fellow, and making money fast.

The society held a regular meeting last Saturday night, and there was a very fair attendance. Funny stories were told, and they elicited much applause. Next meeting a debate between the two sides will be held. "Which is the most destructive, fire or water?" Byrne and Boos will speak for fire, and Lunning and Rembeck for water. 19. 8. 24.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

"ÆNEIDOS LIBER QUARTUS."

Entertainments.

Base Ball Notes.

Jottings.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

In the Lyceum on Friday evening were gathered together a large audience of students, who had assembled to witness the sixth lecture of the Faculty Course, delivered by Professor Draper. The subject for the evening was "Æneidos Liber Quartus," and as the title implies, was an account of the doings of the *Æneides* and especially of Æneas as given to us by Virgil. The lecturer commenced by considering the question whether true writings have exerted greater influence than imaginary, and then gave it as his opinion that they doubtless have. Yet we may not quickly think so when we remember Homer, Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare, who are connoisseurs loved by the best and brightest minds. Among these writers, Virgil's rank is high. Perhaps he owes something to Homer, yet Dante and Shakespeare are indebted to him. Having thus opened, the professor then entered upon the consideration of Virgil's greatest work, the *Æneid*. He spoke of Ancient Troy, the fatal relation of Paris and Helen, the siege of Troy, strategic triumph of the Greeks, destruction of Troy, and the wanderings of the surviving Trojans. Then, passing over to Dido's history, he related the foundation of Carthage, the arrival of Æneas after many adventures, his amazement and pleasure at the sight of the rising capital. Dido's delight in her princely visitor, her plans to please him, and the feast at which Æneas narrates his adventures, were all set forth in perfect sign language. Next followed an account of Dido's feelings upon learning of the adventures of Æneas. She, like Desdemona, falls in love with the noble speaker, feeds upon his words and his aspect. She confesses her love to her sister Anna, praises Æneas, and likens him to a god. With a minuteness truly wonderful, as it was interesting, the professor described the course of friendship between Dido and Æneas, to its culmination in their marriage in the cave. Then follows the longing of Æneas to depart, in order to accomplish his previous plans. Dido suspects, and is overcome with grief, shame and rage, and finally banishes him with scorn, and then faints away. Meanwhile Æneas and the Trojans prepare their fleet for departure. Then comes Dido's resolve to destroy herself. Pretending to worship the gods, she prepares her funeral pile, and heaps it with the souvenirs of their love. Her last moments before putting an end to her life were described in an affecting manner by the professor, who gave a powerful idea of the agony Dido felt upon gazing on the sweet souvenirs that Æneas had given her. Then comes the death stroke—she falls headlong on the jeweled sword, which Æneas had given her as a memento of the Trojan war. Her sister Anna rushes in and lifts her up; but it is too late, for with a long drawn breath her spirit flies off. Afar off as he sails away, Æneas gazes upon the funeral pyre as its light streams forth in the evening shade.

The lecturer then made a few reflections upon this drama from a modern standpoint. He pointed out where Dido was at fault, and also the greater fault of Æneas. He concluded by the expression of his wishes that his audience might reach that enjoyment of the classics that can only come from experience, leisure and opportunity. It is needless to say that the lecturer was warmly applauded; for a lecture on such a subject given in the professor's peculiar style, could not fail to carry an audience completely away. The highly dramatic character of the subject was greatly augmented by the forcible, but clear sign-language of which Professor Draper is master, and certainly few lectures of the course have been as fully attended or gave such genuine satisfaction.

With the first appearance of Spring the

BASE BALL CLUB

blooms out anxious to commence work on the diamond. To bring about this result as speedily as possible, the Kennells held a meeting yesterday, and organized with a new board of officers, as follows: President, Harry Reed, '83; Vice-President, B. R. Allabough, '84; Secretary, P. J. Hasenstab, '85; Treasurer, N. J. Morrow, '85; Scorer, J. L. Smith, '83; Manager, C. C. Griffin, '83. To constitute the nine for the coming season, the following players were selected: Reed, Lynch, Chickering, Angell, Berg, Barr, Hanson, Griffin, Brookmire, with Sullivan, Hasenstab and Hyde as substitutes. The uniform has not yet been agreed upon, but that it will be a neat one is as good as assured. In this connection, we regret to say that the *alumni* gave no attention to the request of the club, replies being received from only three persons, two of which were unfavorable. Nevertheless, it is hoped the undergraduates can do something, and an effort will be made to put the nine in the field with a uni-

form of which they will not be ashamed, and which, at the same time will honor the College.

This term, the College has not been wanting in

ENTERTAINMENTS

for the driving away of dull care during the hours of leisure. Last evening, the first entertainment was given by Professor Pray, who is well known to the pupils of many of our institutions. Owing to the disagreeable weather, but few students brought their lady friends, but notwithstanding there was present a pretty large audience. The programme opened with a few remarks by the professor, in which he spoke of spiritualism and mesmerism, and the like, and seemed to have no faith in such things. Then came the fun, or that part of it which opened the eyes of the small fry. Most of the College men got the key to some of the simpler tricks, but the egg business rather mixed them. The usual "presto, chango, domino," tricks came out, and then followed plate-balancing, knife-throwing, and the like. The evening's entertainment was certainly pleasant, and the only thing to be feared is that the plate-balancing exhibition may lead to a smash-up of crockery around this way. At any rate, we saw more than one student try to balance a plate on the end of a fork, and waited for a crash, but happily none came.

There is still another entertainment down on the bills for March 16th. So far as we know, the programme is ready, and will be quite an interesting one. The first part will be the dumb-bull drill in the gymnasium, after which the guests will adjourn to the chapel, where the dramatic part will be performed.

JOTTINGS.

Mr. J. J. Chickering has been elected captain of the Kennells.

A number of tents are being made by the students in anticipation of camping out during the Easter recess.

Last week the weather was so clear and warm that it almost tempted the foot ball team to take the field again.

Long tramps into the country roundabout, are becoming an important part of the daily exercises.

Latest accounts report Mr. Donaldson in a very precarious condition. There is very little hope of his recovery.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, March 11, '83.

DIRECTORY.

COLUMBUS.

Surprise to Steward and Wakefield.

HERE AND THERE IN THE BUCKEYE STATE.

Rambles About the Institution.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Institute Report is out. They made their appearance on Wednesday, last week, and the teachers each received their quota of copies—five in number.

The Superintendent matter rests still. Until Mr. Pratt is heard from, our busy pen forages in other directions.

Quite a surprise was tendered Steward Wakefield and wife at the Deaf and Dumb Institution last evening, it being the forty-sixth anniversary of their marriage. Persons acquainted with the Institution could not help noticing that something was going to transpire, as everybody seemed to be busy in a quiet way. A few minutes before seven o'clock (the time set for making the deacon upon Mr. and Mrs. W.), they were called from their rooms to another part of the building to look after some affairs. No sooner had they gone than their apartments were taken charge of by officers, teachers and others connected with the institution. Their return and the surprise that met them on entering their parlor, can better be imagined than expressed, as everything had been arranged without the least knowledge of the happy old couple. They were presented with a pavilion and five bouquets of flowers from the green house of John Heintzelman. After congratulations and wishes that they might live to enjoy many more such occasions in their pleasant wedded life, a fine lunch and was served, which had been prepared beforehand by some of the ladies of the Institute. At nine o'clock the party dispersed, all well pleased with knowing that they had so completely surprised and brought to the recollection of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield the event forty-six years ago last night.—*Dispatch, March 10.*

The teachers congregated in the library-room last week, Monday evening, with every one present except the venerable Mr. Park, who was absent on account of illness. The minutes were read and approved. (Here we take occasion to correct an erroneous statement that we made in our last report. The resolution of Mr. J. M. Park passed in its original shape without amendment or alteration.) The subject—the Use and Abuse of Signs—was then brought out in discussion, and after that, there was a free talk upon other topics, which amused, and perhaps instructed some of us. At the next meeting, words or phrases, such as many be difficult of accurate construction or clear expression, in signs, if any, will receive attention. Adjourned to third Monday evening of this month.

After all, it seems that the late flood in this city was a "blessing in disguise," when we read the following from the *Daily Journal*:—"The school reports show that on the West Side, there have been but two cases of sickness per week since the floods, while before there was an average of forty-four per week. The proportion in the other parts of the city continue about the same as before, however. The question, then, is, would it not be well to have a flood every month?"

The social of the "B" floor little folks took its turn on Tuesday night last week. The boys filed out of their evening study-room in five order, the procession forming a long string of about seventy-two moving heads. Entering the Girls' Play-room, they soon felt at home, and whiled away two precious hours in various and enjoyable amusements. The deportment of all was admirable and very becoming. Time wore on full of life, and the climax of the enjoyment was the serving of refreshments, each plate filled to overflowing with oranges, cake, and plenty of candy, and followed closely behind by a giant and a boy, carrying and treating all to some of Adam's best ale. It did not take very long to wait for the empty plates; these vanished, and after prayer was said by Mr. Stewart, "Good Night" closed the gay scene.

The magnificent Osborn building on the east side of High Street, between Oak and Town Streets, of which mention was made some time ago, was sold at auction, on Monday, March 5th. Though appraised at seventy-five thousand, it was knocked down for \$55,400. P. W. Huntington, a banker of Columbus, being the fortunate bidder.

The Ohio legislature is about through wrestling with the Temperance question. It has been a long struggle and lasted many days. But it brought out better acquaintance with the subject, and a little more thorough handling will doubtless result in some acceptable form of law.

Charles H. Green, a native carpenter of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, dropped a chisel on his foot yesterday afternoon, inflicting a painful wound.—*Dispatch, March 7.*

The Clermont Sun, of March 6th, says: Miss Anna Barkley, one of the teachers of the Bethel, Ohio, school, went home Saturday and did not return until Wednesday following, her only brother having died the day before, February 27th. That only brother was a deaf-mute, named John Barkley, who graduated from this Institution in 1860. He had been for many years a great sufferer from dropsy and rheumatism.

The book-binding shop of this Institution is undergoing some improvement. The two doors in the southwest corner are being taken out, and in their place new windows are to be put up; in this corner a certain space will be transformed into an office for the use of the Superintendent of the Bookbindery.

Strawberries in Columbus! Only one dollar a quart.

So far, the month of March has shown itself to be a twin brother of February, as respects the state of the weather.

Letters draped in mourning around the edges have come in quite frequently of late, addressed to the pupils. It is the father or mother, brother or sister, some relative or dear friend, that has gone to the long rest.

The political complexion of the Ohio legislature is, House, 70 Republicans and 35 Democrats; Senate, 22 Republicans and 11 Democrats.

We are satisfied that we have been imposed upon. Dr. Fay, of the Hartford Asylum, never used that expression, "I laughed what you fell," as was ascribed to him—in any form whatever.

The mother of Max and Ricca Morgenthau, of Cincinnati, O., has departed this life. She died on Washington's birthday, after six days illness with pneumonia, although she had been ailing more or less within the past ten years. The loss of a beloved wife and mother drove the husband and daughter almost frantic with grief. Her remains are at present in the vault in the Jewish Cemetery on Walnut Hills. The dying mother left by will to her deaf-mute children the house and property that she held in her own right. We tender to our old pupils our sincere sympathy in their bereavement and sorrow.

Ex-President Hayes was in Columbus on Friday last, the guest of his niece Mrs. General Mitchell. Perhaps it is not necessary to add that Mrs. Mitchell has a daughter who, though deaf, can speak.

Mr. John Long, a plasterer by trade and who has remained with his family at Flaggsville, Ky., through the winter, recently returned to his work in Cincinnati, O. He goes to the bosom of his family once in two weeks.

They have already begun the work of reconstructing the State street bridge over the Scioto River in this city, and after that a new one will appear in its place.

Joseph Lawson, brother-in-law of Mr. John Long, was in the Queen City, recently, viewing the damage and ruin the late great flood had wrought, and while thus engaged, succeeded in getting a job as a plasterer.

Miss Bertha Wolksi, of Mount Auburn, O., and only sister of Emilie, has said good-bye, and gone to Baltimore, Md., where she will set herself up in business.

An Ohio exchange, in chronicling the destruction by fire of the clothing store of Messrs. Hoffman & Mass, at Akron, O., which took place on the 8th inst., at ten o'clock in the night, gives the following incident:—"Andy Pott, deaf and dumb, was cut off by the smoke in the third story of the adjoining building, and was attempting to escape by the eave trough when rescued by firemen. He was nearly suffocated."

Miss Woolley, of Pleasant Ridge, O., has been on a visit among friends in the east end of the city of Cincinnati, O., for a week or two. She was present at the service of Rev. Mr. Mann. Miss W., in company with her father, honored the Anderson Society with their presence on Saturday evening, and the latter generously donated a modest sum to the society.

Mr. Goldman, Sr., and son Joseph, of Middletown, O., will probably go west to Fargo, Dakota Territory, about the middle of this month, to look after the land which Mr. G. bought last fall, and will be absent two weeks.

Several of the mutes in Cincinnati, O., and vicinity, are on the sick list. Among them the venerable Mr. Ben Winslow, formerly of Covington, Ky., but now of Independence, same state, is suffering from an attack of rheumatism, and has come back to his old home, and is now in the care of his niece. Old Ben is 73 years of age, and is supposed to be the oldest graduate of the Kentucky State Institution.

Mrs. David Perry, mother of our ex-Superintendent Perry, is visiting at this Institution. She appears to be in excellent health. All her friends are very glad to see her again.

"Boss" Kelly, of Cincinnati, has taken back tracks in regard to starting up a shoe shop at Walnut Hills. His friends advised him so, as the partner with whom he was to go into business was not made of the best stuff.

The high waters of the Ohio River at Cincinnati, having subsided, the mute pupils resume their attendance at school there.

Misses Maggie Morin and Emilie Wolski, of Cincinnati, have formed a partnership in the dressmaking business. They are doing nicely.

Mr. Henry Bards invited a number of deaf-mute friends to partake of a sumptuous supper with him in Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 4th inst., in honor of his birthday. The enjoyment was a huge one.

The ice-skating season closed with February, and is succeeded by kite flying in March. The other day the boys were flying kites of different colors—red and white.

Spring yet lingers in the lap of winter. We had a snow storm last Saturday, but the snow disappeared as soon as it touched the ground.

House-building is beginning to boom. The price for bricks and other materials is not so high this Spring as it was last year.

NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

DIED.

VOLKER.—In St. Gabriel, Canada, P. Q., March 5, Mary Duquette, beloved wife of Augustus E. Volker, aged 32 years and 6 months. Funeral took place on Wednesday last.

NEW YORK.

Prof. Currier's Lecture.

THE NEW BENEVOLENT UNION.

Gotham Glimpses.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Last Thursday, March 8th, Prof. E. H. Currier lectured at the Manhattan Literary Association rooms before between forty and fifty deaf-mutes.

He delivered his lecture in a graceful manner. The lecture was a history of the early efforts to instruct the deaf and dumb in America.

He said that deaf-mutes were instructed in a school at Cobbs, Va., which was founded in 1812. A gentleman named Bolling, whose children were deaf and dumb, wished to have them educated, and the services of one Braidwood, a grandson of the famous Braidwoods of London, were secured.

A school with about six pupils was started, but Braidwood being a hard drinker and of no business ability, he got in debt to the merchants of the vicinity, and shortly after the establishment of the school, he decamped to the North.

In 1818, Braidwood appeared again in Richmond, Va., a beggar. He asked Mr. Bolling by letter for assistance. Mr. Bolling decided to start him again, but not having any faith in his promises, put another gentleman in charge of the school with Braidwood as teacher.

But Braidwood soon fell into his old habits. He neglected his duties. The Principal became disgusted and resigned, thus breaking up the school. Braidwood descended lower and lower, and at last died in his cups.

The first permanent Institution in the United States was established in Hartford in May 1816, in the following manner:

A little girl named Alice Cogswell, became deaf from spotted fever at the age of two and a half years. Her father was greatly distressed at this, as he feared he would be obliged to send her to Europe to be instructed. One day, Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, father of the present pastor of St. Ann's, saw her. He called her to him, and by a system of natural signs gradually became able to communicate with her in written words.

Encouraged by the success of his endeavors, Dr. Gallaudet suggested that a suitable person be sent to Europe to learn the methods of instruction pursued there, and then come back and open an institution at that city (Hartford).

Mr. C. immediately consented, and with the assistance of several other wealthy gentlemen, quickly raised a fund to defray the expenses of the person to be sent.

Dr. Gallaudet was offered the position, but declined, saying that he thought probably a better person could be found. The gentlemen looked in vain for a suitable person, and were nearly giving up in despair, when Dr. G. said he would go.

He sailed for England, where he arrived safely. He immediately returned to the London Institution, presided over by a Dr. Watson. He was received in a cold and haughty manner on stating his errand. Watson refused to instruct him in his method unless he started as a pupil and went through a three years course. This of course was an impossibility, so he went to another institution some distance from London, presided over by a Mr. Woodman, where he met with little encouragement, but owing to a pledge given by Mr. W. to Dr. Watson, he was unable to give the instruction sought.

He then went to Edinburgh, Scotland, where he was warmly received, but Mr. Kinniburgh was very sorry that he had given bonds to Messrs. Braidwood not to teach any one the methods pursued by them until after seven years had passed. There were three years yet to pass. Would Dr. Gallaudet wait? No. Was exceedingly sorry, but suggested that Dr. G. write to a Braidwood, of Birmingham, grandfather of the Virginia instructor, who had instructed him (the Edinburgh President) and probably he would then be able to obtain his (Braidwood's) permission to instruct him (Dr. Gallaudet).

Dr. G. wrote. Days passed. Days lengthened into weeks. Then weeks passed, and Dr. G. was well nigh discouraged, and thought of returning to America without accomplishing his mission.

"Full little knowest thou, who hast not tried, What hell it is in suing long to bide; To lose good days, that might be better spent, To waste long nights in pensive discontent; To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow, To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow."

The fourth week brought a reply, but it was a flat refusal. Dr. Gallaudet saw his mission was to be a failure—at least so far as England was concerned.

At that time there were prominent institutions in only three countries in Europe. In England—taught by Braidwood's method. In Germany—

taught by Heinicke's method. The above two were articulation schools, and in France by Abbé De l'Eppé's sign method.

Dr. Gallaudet was on the point of returning, when he luckily met Abbé Sicard, the Principal of the Paris Institution, in London. The Abbé was delighted to see him, and on hearing his tale, invited him to the Royal Institution in Paris, promising to do in all his power to aid him.

Dr. Gallaudet gladly availed himself of the offer. He remained for about four months at the Royal Institution. This was in 1816.

When about to return, he begged the good Abbé that he would allow Laurent Clerc, a young teacher to accompany him to America. The Abbé without any hesitation agreed to this.

Again, we see them in Hartford. At length, after much work, the Connecticut Institution for the Education of Deaf and Dumb Persons was established with about seven pupils.

The fame of the Institution spread rapidly—persons talked of it as a marvel, and in one year it had grown to thirty pupils.

Dr. Gallaudet, during this time, had been travelling over the country exciting a public interest in deaf-mute education. The Institution prospered.

Solicited by the directors of a proposed school, Laurent Clerc went to Philadelphia, where he organized an institution. He remained there six months, when his place was taken by Mr. Weld, a Hartford teacher, and Mr. Clerc returned to Hartford.

In 1871, a Society was established in New York City, but the school was not opened for the reception of pupils until May, 1818. Rev. A. O. Stansbury was principal. He was in turn followed by Mr. Loosborow. The public lost confidence in the school and the directors decided to select a teacher from Hartford, and in 1831, Dr. H. P. Peet was appointed principal. The institution now grew and prospered and became one of the most successful schools for the deaf in the world.

In about 1830, Mr. Weld was called back to Hartford from Philadelphia, to take the office of Principal of that school, on the retirement of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet. His successor was Mr. A. B. Hutton. These three institutions the first in the land prospered. They were looked upon as blessings never before thought of. Deaf-mutes were no longer obliged to go without instruction.

Other States followed, till now nearly every State has one or more institutions. Mr. Carrier paid a glowing tribute to Drs. H. P. Peet and Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. He said from their efforts and energy all the institutions in the United States had grown. The methods employed by them were copied in all the American Schools. Graduates of the New York and Hartford Institutions were eagerly sought for as teachers, and that nearly every institution in the broad land has at least a graduate or teacher from one of these Institutions among its corps of instructors.

Mr. Campbell, one of the oldest members of the Manhattan Literary Association, made a few remarks after Prof. Currier had concluded. He had been a pupil when the institution was located in Chambers Street, near the City Hall.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald also made a few remarks. He was a pupil in the old Fifth Street Institution.

Mr. Charles O'Brien then said a few words. He said that deaf-mutes ought to honor Dr. H. P. Peet by erecting a statue of some sort in a suitable place. Dr. Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc had been thus honored, but Dr. Peet had been neglected. He was in favor of the project started by the Peet Literary Society, of the New York Institution, and said that he hoped that their plans would be realized at an early day, and that he would be one of the first to contribute to the fund to erect such a statue.

"Was Grover Cleveland justified in vetoing the five cents fare bill of the Elevated roads?" will be debated this (Thursday) evening before the Manhattan Literary Association. The Affirmative side is supported by Messrs. Busch and Brown. The negative, by Messrs. Hoffman and Cornelius. Hot work is expected.

Next Thursday (the 22d) Mr. A. Ekardt is to lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association.

Last Saturday evening, the 10th inst., about sixty deaf-mutes assembled at Chickering Hall, to see about organizing a Mutual Benefit Society.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson being absent, Mr. Theodore Froelich was chosen temporary Chairman in his place.

On motion of Mr. W. G. Jones, the minutes of the last meeting were tabled.

Mr. Rowland B. Lloyd, the Chairman of the Committee selected at the last meeting, sent in his report.

He said that the Committee had decided that the Society should first establish a permanent fund of \$500, and that no benefits should be given till that amount was in the treasury, also that it was proposed to erect a suitable building in which deaf-mutes could be taught trades; and that deaf-mutes wishing loans could obtain the same from the Society, that it could assist deaf-mutes to obtain employment, and help them to "go West," etc. To secure these benefits, a deaf mute would first have to become a member.

The initiation fee was to be \$2. Monthly dues, 25 cents.

Mr. H. D. Reeves, at the conclusion of the above, took the floor, and said that the Society was not started in opposition to the "Guild of Silent Workers," but was a Mutual Aid

Society for the benefit of members only, while the Guild had for its object the assistance of all deaf-mutes in general.

Mr. Charles O'Brien then arose and asked, Mr. R. B. Lloyd if he would please explain how it could be that the Society could obtain a suitable building for the "industrial instruction" of deaf-mutes, if money was only to be drawn from the treasury for loans and to assist mutes, and none could be drawn till \$500 had been reached.

Mr. Fernsheim, one of the members of the "German Club," took the floor, and ridiculed the Committee for thinking of such a thing as a place to instruct deaf-mutes after they had left school, and said that the main object of the Society ought to be the assistance of its members in sickness and to bury deceased members. His remarks were greeted with applause.

Remarks were also made by Messrs. Ekardt, Pownall, Wilkinson, and others, which tended to show that public opinion was not altogether in favor of the objects selected by the Committee.

After this, Mr. Fernsheim again took the floor, and said the "German Club" was not dead yet; it retains all its original members, still meets in its old place, and had for its object the assistance of sick members.

Among much confusion, it was moved that it be left to those assembled to decide whether the Committee's report should be accepted.

The result was 10 yeas and 13 nays. Mr. A. Ekardt then moved that a new Committee be selected to draw up a more suitable constitution, but no one seconded it. Amid much confusion, Mr. Wilkinson moved that the "German Club" be once more recognized, and that all the money it had given to the Society be returned to them, and those assembled departed peacefully for their homes.

This motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. And so Mr. J. Loew's efforts to benefit his brethren have all been in vain. The members of the "German Club" can once more repair to the old haunts, and quaff beer and munch pretzels in peace, and speculate as to who first shall receive the benefit of the money now belonging to that society.

Another deaf-mute society will, it appears, soon be organized.

The mover this time is Mr. James F. O'Neil, of Brooklyn. He intends to organize a society for Catholic deaf-mutes. He intends that it shall eclipse any other society yet organized, and that philanthropy will be its corner stone. He vows that no initiation fee will be charged, and probably no monthly dues.

He wishes all deaf-mutes interested in the project—ladies and gentlemen—to assemble at the rooms of the Young Men's Catholic Literary Association, 515 Fulton Street, bet. Bridge and Dufrail Streets, Brooklyn, on next Sunday, March 18th, afternoon at 3 p.m.

X.

The Bay State Deaf-Mute Christian Mission.

The Annual Meeting of the Bay State Deaf-Mute Christian Mission was held in Salem, on February 22d, 1883, there being present Messrs. Wm. Lynde, Geo. B. Keniston, A. Hargraves, Wm. Bailey, G. A. Holmes, P. W. Packard, J. T. Tillingham and J. V. Barbank.

After the prayer by Mr. Bailey, the meeting proceeded to business by appointing Mr. Tillingham, Secretary pro tem. The President's action in calling the meeting, and in appointing J. V. Barbank Secretary, vice G. A. Holmes, resigned, was approved, and he then proceeded to explain and comment on the fact of their not having any agent in the employ of the Mission during the year. The President's address followed, in which, among other things, he mentioned the fact that, soon after his election, he had found a note which had run for four years, and this he had finally succeeded in seeing settled, and he counselled the members never to loan any money belonging to the Mission for private affairs—but to have every thing open and above board.

Treasurer Tillingham next presented his report, showing a cash balance of \$63.21, and gave in addition an interesting summary of the work done by the Mission, since its organization, from which it appears that thirty Sunday services have been held, at an average cost of \$8.90 each, whilst an examination of the list of places shows all the New England states represented with the exception of Vermont.

After the acceptance of his report, the Treasurer, first referring to the fact of his having been in the harness for five years, and calling attention to the disadvantages under which he labored, residing as he did, so far from the other members of the board, tendered his resignation. An animated discussion followed, and it was finally voted not to accept it, most of the members feeling that the mission could not afford to lose the services of such an old and faithful officer. A reconsideration was refused, and Mr. Tillingham at last consented to continue carrying the load which he would find lay down.

Several new names were presented for membership, and H. A. Chapman, of Salem, and A. F. Osgood, of Natick, were admitted to the Mission.

All of the old officers were re-elected for the ensuing two years, and Messrs. Bailey and Keniston were elected as the Executive Committee. The meeting then, at 4:45 p.m., adjourned.

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mutes' Ball a Grand Success.

PROFIT OVER \$90.

Who were There, and what They looked like.

MISCELLANEOUS SPARKS.

The First Annual Ball of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, came off, as previously announced, Saturday evening, March 3d. Financially, the ball was a grand success in every way, though not to such a degree as several of the boys, "who count their chickens before they are hatched," expected. A good many things stood in the way of preventing a larger attendance at the entertainment—the chief obstacles being the high price of tickets and supper; but wisdom comes from experience, and the boys will make their next "blow out" pay a great deal better.

As many manufactories are shut down just now, a good many friends of the mutes, who would like to have gone, were prevented by a limited supply of greenbacks. However, our boys are chuck full of vim and vigor, and this, combined with a liberal dose of soothing syrup, enabled them to sell enough tickets to leave a clear profit of ninety dollars over all expenses; and right here we pause to remark that the St. Louis mutes can knock the Chicago mutes higher than a kite every time it comes to gathering in the shekels. It should be remembered that the deaf-mute club here have a room of their own, and own everything in it, a fact that some of the other mute clubs will do well to ponder on. Likewise, the boys never directly or indirectly ask a cent's worth of assistance from any one, but rely entirely on themselves. Another thing we are proud of, is that our club is still an infant (though very healthy), being not quite a year old.

Well, coming down to business and the ball. At half-past nine o'clock, when the music started up, there were something like two hundred persons present, the girls, seemingly, holding the balance of power in numbers. When the circus began, about fifty couples fell in line for the grand march, which was led by Mr. E. H. Wolff and Miss Maria Heffernan—both hearing people—followed by Hugh Lamb and Celia Heffernan—leading deaf-mutes, with the rest of the procession strung out in a go-as-you-please-walk for next positions. The march was performed in pretty good style, and reflects credit on all who participated. After that, came the usual programme of waltzes, lancers, quadrilles, etc., most of the mutes doing very well.

At 12 o'clock, another grand march took place, this time for the dining room, giving the musicians time to recover their wind. Having satisfied the wants of the inner man to the utmost, the mutes resumed dancing until the "wee sma' hours" warned them it was time to strike out for home, sweet home. Every one of the merry crowd agreed that they had a splendid time and hoped they might attend our next.

The committee deserves great credit for the way they worked to make everything pass off pleasantly; and they succeeded, as not the slightest thing occurred to mar anyone's enjoyment.

PERSONAL PUCKERINGS.

Charley Wolff and George Dougherty pranced around in all the pride of swallow tailed coats, button-hole bouquets and dizzy neckties. Both of them had a couple of handsome girls under their charge, made a smile steal o'er our care-worn mug when we saw them trying to make a "dash." George is not in the matrimonial market just now, but we will safely wager a stone nickel (if we had it) against a lead nickel Charley would get yoked if he could raise the necessary amount of stamps. As it is, Charley must sit on the fence and sing, "thou art so near and yet so far." Is that so, Charley? Will Stocksieck looked "as happy as a big snflower"—though his girl waltzed away with another fellow, because Will can't dance—and spread his loose cash around with a lavish hand. Wouldn't he like to settle down? We should smile; only the fear of a mother-in-law prevents him from taking his chances.

John Wolff waltzed around in a bob-tail coat, with a grin so wide that we were afraid he would dislocate his jaw-bone. The reason why is, John had his girl with him, and they are always weeping when they don't see each other, so John felt very good just then; but when, oh, when will they join hands? That is a nut too hard for us to crack, so we give it up.

John Gill and Edie McNamara blossomed out in the regulation clawhammer and fixings. John was the happy possessor of a girl; but, alas! poor Ed. sighed for the girl he left behind him, and his grief was so great that he had to go home at an early hour.

Will Campbell and W. E. Guss, our new fledged benedicts, were kept under the eyes of their better halves too much to give them a chance to pay attentions to any girl in particular. Take warning, boys, from their sad fate, and don't get married if you want to have your own way.

The gallant A. W. Kohlmetz looked

sweet as honey, as he rattled the big pile of the club's shekels. Dame rumor hints he contemplates taking an additional rib; but, perish the thought, he is too old a bird to be caged by any of the belles down this way.

Ashbel Merrell was in a lovely humor until he suddenly sat down on the floor, and we kindly draw a curtain over what he probably thought, though he claims he sat down to take a rest. Queer place to sit down, though.

Fred Mueller, Will Stafford, Leo Froming, Edgar Hazzard, Henry McCamley and Henry Duckenboener, were a charming set of wall flowers, and were rigidly prohibited from dancing because their feet take up too much room.

Hugh Lamb came to the ball prepared for business, and had a little daisy under his protection. From the way things looked, we conclude the gay Hugh is caught dead sure this time.

John Campbell had his war paint on, too, and skipped around trying to kill the girls; but as we did not see any corpses, we must sorrowfully say he made a failure. Try again, Johnny.

Poor "Kerry Patch" stood in a corner looking like a mourner, and says we were too hard on him and broke his heart. Sorry; we did not know he had one, but next time "Kerry Patch" fools with us, he will know we are loaded and liable to go off when any one like him is around. Kerry's girl (if he ever had one) did not show up, so he fooled around with the others.

J. C. McQuown's moustache was carefully waxed, and he had the inevitable swallow-tail and accessories. Jim is a first-class fellow; but if he succeeded in conquering any female heart, we don't know it.

The cheerful mug of our heavy friend, Tom Brown, beamed down upon us, and we were mighty glad to see him there. Every one likes Tom, though he is such a practical joker.

Among the other mutes present were Richard Gilbin, John Krebs, and others we can't recollect.

Coming to the girls, the first question is who was the prettiest girl present? Well, we solemnly declare our girl took the prize, though maybe the other boys don't think so. The best dancer of the mute girls was undoubtedly Miss Delia Mitchell, and she held her own with the best of them; Misses Campbell, Nettleton, Bowe, Thomas, Heffernan, and a good many others, were a credit to the deaf-mutes.

Mrs. Tillie Campbell and Delia Guss were the prettiest married mutes; but we won't talk about married women, for fear of their liege lords.

Miss Mamie Nettleton was fixed up in white,—but we know as much about dresses as a mule, and can't describe it for the benefit of the anxious ones. She was one of the finest girls on the floor.

Miss Emma Macy loaded too pretty to be left alone; consequently, she had all the boys she wanted.

Miss Mattie Campbell attracted a liberal share of attention from the sterner sex.

Miss Celia Heffernan and Sallie Fisher were not rigged out to kill, but proved the truth of the adage that "fine birds don't need fine feathers." Miss Delia Pearce was fixed up to kill the boys, and maybe she did wound one or two—not fatally though.

Miss Thomas is a very pleasant young lady with plenty of brains, and has her circle of devoted followers.

Miss Mary and Annie McCamley were dressed up in the highest style of the dressmaker's art, and had enough of the boys to keep them busy.

Among the many others present we remember the following: Mr. and Mrs. Lienger, Mr. and Mrs. Pitcher, Mrs. Brown, and Misses Ida Huber, Emma Shoenbeck, Lanna Lohman, Augusta Pastow, Mary Kern, Lena Krebs, and others, including many hearing people.

Mrs. Simpson and Miss Jennie Patten were not present, owing to recent bereavements, and were missed by many of their friends.

John Bowe was prevented from coming by the serious illness of one of his family.

El. Beetle and Charley Schlipp made themselves conspicuous by their absence.

Tim O'Brien had to work all night at his place. It was pretty rough on him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardin could not come on account of their young hopeful, but we hope they will not fail next time.

FANWOOD.

A Change in the Culinary Dep't.

SCHOOL NOTES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"It was but a simple pin,
On a chair,
And the little boy did grin
Like a bear.
When the teacher took a seat,
And in manner very fleet
Flew half a bun-fred feet
In the air."

Mr. Jacob D. Kirkhoff and Miss Rebecca H. Crupper, instructors at the Philadelphia Institution, made us a pleasant call on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn has been on the sick list for the past week.

After Lent, the little boys of Miss Rice's class, at the Tarrytown Branch, expect to have a pantomime entertainment.

Two of the youngsters accompanied Misses Rice and Mitchell to Jay G. Gild's green house recently, and were presented with some flowers.

The grand-father of William H. Rose died last week. William attended the funeral.

James H. Caton celebrates his birthday Friday, among the Highlands. He goes by a night boat this evening.

Dr. Porter, our superintendent, was to have left the Institution on Monday, but at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors held on Wednesday last, he was prevailed upon to remain until his successor had been appointed.

Miss Noble, who has performed the duties of Matron of the Culinary Department in a creditable manner for some months past, resigned on Saturday of last week. Her place has been filled by Miss Trout, a young lady hailing from a southern State—West Virginia, we believe.

Prof. Carrier lectured before the Manhattan Literary Association Thursday evening last. Report says the lecture was highly appreciated by the audience.

Dr. Carson, of the Willard Insane Asylum, of Ovid, N. Y., made a tour of the Institution Thursday last, in company with Dr. Porter.

The whole family of Solomon H. Winne had a meeting at a hotel in Kingston, N. Y., last week. All were present with their children and grandchildren, except a brother and Solomon, the latter a pupil here.

The Institution Report for the year 1882, has been printed. The work was done at the Institution printing office, and is a very creditable job.

The Ala-ka Base Ball Club elected its officers, etc., last week. They are as follows: Captain, C. D. Newson; Secretary, William Emis; Treasurer, Dennis Sullivan; and Executive Committee, Wm. Emis, W. Darian and C. W. Sowell. The players are C. D. Newson, Catcher; William Emis, Pitcher; Wm. Darian, 1st Base; D. Sullivan, 2d Base; F. Jordan, 3d Base; T. Jamison, Short Stop; C. Jastram, Left Field; C. W. Sowell, Centre Field; and P. Kinney, Right Field.

Supervisor Bennett went home Thursday last, to participate in the birthday festivities of a member of his family.

Martha J. Ray received a visit from two lady friends on Wednesday of last week. Martha spent Saturday and Sunday in the city.

The rain on Saturday, whether or not it belonged to Wiggins, spoiled the plans of several fair ones who had anticipated a good time down in the shopping districts. Wiggins is a very unpleasant man to have around, anyhow.

"A deaf-mute, \$1," appears in the columns of the New York Herald of Saturday last, devoted to the receipts for sufferers from the late disastrous flood in Ohio.

Thomas Halloran dined at the Institution Saturday last.

Wiggins had no terrors for Misses Barrager, Fisher and Decker, Saturday last. They were determined to visit the city in spite of the rain.

"Evangeline," the pride of the High Class boys, which is in need of repairs, will be rebuilt this spring, provided the Directors open the Institution purse.

The Institution was visited by Messrs. Reilly and Dunlap Sunday last.

Dennis Sullivan witnessed the funeral procession of the murdered prize-fighter, Elliott.

The stereopticon lecture given by Prof. Clarke Saturday evening last, was brought to a sudden termination, by the gas used in lighting the instrument giving out.

Sunday brought Supervisor Bennett a telegram from home requesting his immediate presence.

John A. Wade, former night watch, is now clerking in Kingston, N. Y.

Miss Rye, one of our supervisors, has a deaf-mute niece living in this city. Her name is Miss M. C. Rye.

Emma Thurston, a very beautiful and promising little girl, died suddenly of heart disease at half past eleven o'clock, on Monday morning last.

The Fanwood Base Ball Club, which is willing to receive challenges from any nine whose members are not over seventeen years old, elected its officers and nine on February 26th.

The Directors are Chas. Schmidt, C. Mull and G. Gallagher; Secretary, P. Brede; Treasurer, W. H. Fosmire. The names of the nine are Anstin Sinclair, short stop; Charles Mull, 3d base; Bernard Gallagher, 1st base; John Glass, catcher; Frank Russell, left field; Charles Lange, right field; William H. Flanagan, second base; G. W. Odell, pitcher; Charles Schmidt, centre field. Any nine under the age specified above, wishing to play a match game, will please address the Captain, G. W. Odell.

The High Class boys have written a letter to the Clerical Literary Association, of Philadelphia; the New England Gull-and Association; the Manhattan Literary Association, and Catholic Benevolent Union, of New York City, on matters pertaining to the Peet Bast.

CHP.

Indiana Items.

The teachers and pupils of the Indianapolis Institution made a donation of \$54.57, with some articles of clothing, for the flood sufferers.

Prof. S. J. Vail took a trip down to Madison to see his father-in-law, Mr. McKim. He says the flood did not do much damage to property down there in that high-located city. He saw many a family imprisoned in the second stories of many buildings and factories along the banks of the rivers, and generous and willing hands feeding them from boats. He said it was a strange sight to see steamboats pass along on the swollen stream. The steamers seemed as though they were sailing in the air.

Mr. W. R. Corwin is still Superintendent of the Sunday School for miles. He has held the place ever since it was reopened last September. It is likely he will hold it a long time.

Prof. Houdyshell's house is rebuilt, but not paid for. Mr. Corwin and others say that the house was burned down through carelessness on the part of the occupants, in consequence lost the insurance, which was nearly one thousand dollars.

Mrs. S. J. Corwin is taking lessons in oil painting. She has already acquired so much knowledge as to enable her to give a class of lady teachers lessons daily.

Mr. Corwin gets \$18 per week at his trade.

The new Board of Trustees have asked Rev. Mr. MacIntire to assume the management on the 1st of April. He has accepted it, and Dr. Glenn will tender it to him on that day.

The Steward's salary was raised from \$800 to \$1,500 by the Old Board, just before they retired.

Prof. W. H. Latham's lot, garden, stable and henry were under six feet of water during the freshet.

The professor is seventy years old, and is as hale as he was when twenty-five years of age. He waded in the cold water to save his cow, horse, buggy, and his man, who was sleeping in the stable. His hand is a mate from the South, a Mr. Hanly, a graduate of the Louisiana Institution.

Also, Mr. David Atkinson's house was under water. He got enough driftwood to keep fire a month.

Mr. MacIntire, late Supt. of the Indianapolis Institution, and later of the Michigan Institution, paid the Institution a visit at the instance of the General Assembly. Dr. Glenn was not there. Dr. T. H. Harrison, of Boone Co., Hon. Urmonst, of Franklin Co., and Dr. James, of Delaware Co., compose the New Board. The first named is President, and is said to be an excellent man. The Legislature has not visited the Institution since 1879.

Prof. Corwin gave the mute residents of the city a grand reception at his residence on Arsenal Avenue. All say it was an enjoyable affair. Mr. and Mrs. Hesse were there. All the teachers and officers were invited, but none except Mr. and Mrs. Bierhan were present, owing to the rain.

Mr. Stephenson, finding the cooper's trade rather less lucrative than his own, left for some unknown parts. He forgot to pay his bill for board.

Mr. Wm. Kingsbury has a saw-mill, and is sawing walnut lumber. He was a graduate of the Institution under J. S. Brown, its first Principal.

Mrs. Thomas Hough, oldest daughter of Ex-Prof. Willard, died suddenly of Pneumonia. The professor being seriously sick himself was unable to view the remains. Her demise was so sudden and unexpected, that few of her many friends and acquaintances knew it till it was too late, although there were many at the funeral. Prof. and Mrs. J. L. Houdyshell were at it—the only mutes out of the many that have been benefitted by the Institution, which was opened and permanently established through the untiring and unflinching interest and labors of Prof. Willard. One mute, living on the same street a few doors apart, did not hear of it till the remains were interred. All his daughters, with the exception of one, were at the funeral.

C. E. Steinwenter has obtained an excellent situation in the Court House as copyist.

Mr. Willits is a cooper by trade, and his wife keeps a dancing school for both hearing and mutes.

Mr. Samuel Hedge, of Jamestown, Ind., comes to the city occasionally on two kinds of business—one to make purchases on leather for his shop, and the other to see his lady, who is constricted to be a real beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles will give her mute friends a grand reception, as soon as the weather gets more settled.

READER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 1, '83.

BURIED IN FLAMES.

A Mother, One Child and a Deaf and Dumb Man Burned to Death.

A MOTHER'S DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Special to the Morning Journal.

FREDERICK, Md., March 8.—Shortly after 12 o'clock last night the home of Mr. Gimon Cronise on the road leading from New-Market to Mount Pleasant was destroyed by fire with his wife and one of his children. Mr. Cronise is a planter and a nephew of Joseph Cronise, E. q., of this city. Mr. Cronise and his family were at home last night. They retired at about 9 o'clock leaving a roaring fire in the kitchen stove, around which wood had been packed for use in the morning. He and his wife, who slept in the second story, were awakened by the smell of smoke. The house was a two-story old time-long structure. On the second floor there slept, besides Mr. Cronise and wife, their seven children, (the eldest nineteen, the youngest two), and an old deaf and dumb man named Henry Plummer. Upon awakening, Mr. Cronise rushed to the head of the stairway, and up in opening the door was met by a perfect sheet of flame.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

He realized the position of those dependent upon him at once, and called his wife to smash one of the several small windows. The children were almost suffocating, and the confusion in the darkness was great. Mr. Cronise and his wife helped the elder children through the windows and they dropped to the ground fifteen feet below. Mrs. Cronise told her husband to jump from the window and she would drop the several youngest children down to him and then follow.

Mr. Cronise did as requested.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

All the little ones had safely landed in their father's arms but one little five-year-old girl, whom her mother had in her arms and was just in the act of dropping out through the window when like a flash the old deaf and dumb man darted between the mother and child and the window and getting half way out hung there in his terror, completely blocking the window, leaving the brave mother and her child standing on the brink of death with the flames within a few feet of them.

Mrs. Cronise could not reach any other window. She wildly beat the terrified old man upon the hands to make him leave his position and drop to the ground below so that she might save herself and child. Those below shrieked to the old man to drop, but he could not hear and still hung and blocked the window.

DEVOURED BY THE FLAMES.

Terror-stricken, the poor woman tore at him madly but to no purpose, for a few moments she sank out of her husband's and children's sight into the flames with her child clasped to her bosom. The flames came, and still the old man hung in the window. At last they licked his arms, face and chest and shivered his gray hairs and then he dropped to the ground a corpse.

A DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

When his wife and child sank in the flames Mr. Cronise made a rush for the house, which was tumbling in now, and it took the united efforts of his several older boys to save him from perishing in the flames. By this time neighbors were coming from all directions. Eliza Hutchinson, colored, piloted Mr. Cronise and his six children, all almost naked, to their house across the hills, and soon they were provided with nourishment and clothing by kind friends. Then they were taken to a hospitable house of Mr. Chas. Wood, near by where they now are. As soon as day-light came, searchers went through the ashes of the house for the remains of the lost. They found what there was left. The scene was visited by hundreds of people from the surrounding country. Mrs. Cronise was forty-one years old. Her maiden name was Evaline R. Ogile, and she was a sister of Mrs. Lewis H. Doll, of this city. The funeral takes place to-morrow.

New Mexico.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—Not having seen any letter from this part of the country, I have come to the conclusion to give you a call. This is a beautiful country. The mountains are covered with pines and juniper-bushes, making it in summer a grand and beautiful scene. As you stand on the top of a mountain, and cast your eyes to the next range of mountains, perhaps fifty or eighty miles distant, it would appear only ten or twenty miles distant, the air is so pure, light and wholesome. It is a very healthy country. Hundreds of invalids come here yearly seeking their lost health, and are greatly benefited by so doing, if not entirely cured. Santa Fe is the capital of New-Mexico, and has about 10,000 inhabitants, of which one-third are American, the rest being Mexicans. This is said to be the oldest city upon the American continent. Over two hundred years ago, the Indians and

Spaniards first settled here. The Spaniards were mining, and had the Indians for slaves, and the Indians rebelled, and there was a war for liberty. The Indians succeeded, and drove the Spaniards away from the mines. I have no space, or I would relate to you more concerning them. I am keeping house and have not got any theatres or places to go to, and cannot take "Ladies" out sleigh riding for one reason, and that is there are no sleighs here and no use for them. The snow never lasts more than a few days. I live near the "City of holy faith," as Santa Fe in the Mexican language is called. I came here from Youngstown, Ohio, three years ago, and have been trying my hand at prospecting in the mountains, and I enjoy myself in my rambles, searching for the precious rock. I have located some mines in the "Los Cerrillos" District, about twenty miles south from Santa Fe. (Here you will see the marks of Spaniards and Indians, who two hundred years ago had dug the mountains in run-tunnels, and carried on a general mining business, until the outbreak by the Indians, as related above. I would also let you know I am a deaf-mute, and I don't see many here, although in Santa Fe. I have met several. One Mexican, who is a mute, cannot walk on his feet, but crawls around the streets on his hands and back. He is full of fun, and very happy all the time. He cannot read nor talk in the sign-language. He carries his sack with him, and begs his living. His legs and arms have been paralyzed.

I have met an old man who cannot talk. He is a gambler and horse-racer. Is an American, and very funny too.

I have written you quite a long letter, and hope you will not throw it into the waste-basket.

I have met a mute here, whose name is Samuel Martin, and he visited my place some time ago. Sammy, if you are well, let me hear from you, please.

I hope all of the dear readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL are having a pleasant time, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

I am sleepy, and will, with the intention of letting you hear from me again, close. So, good-by, cousins.

From your
COUSIN BILL.

THE NEW JERSEY INSTITUTION.

AN ADDITIONAL APPROPRIATION OF \$62,770.

Our New Jersey deaf-mutes will be glad to hear that they are going to have one of the finest Institutions in the United States.

Carpenters, masons, plumbers and painters are at work on the building in full force, fitting it up nicely all through the State with all the modern improvements. It has a nice arrangement of rooms, and when completed, will be in a very comfortable condition. Our Governor has just recommended an additional appropriation of \$62,770, which will be used for enlarging and making all the necessary additions.

The \$62,770 was realized from the sale of the Stevens' Battery, at Hoboken, N. J., which was built by Mr. Stevens during the late war, and afterward donated to the State by the builder.

The bill appropriating the above amount, passed yesterday afternoon in the Senate by a vote of 13 to 7 after a stormy debate over it. Senator Youngblood wanted half of the proceeds of the sale to go to the Morris-town Asylum for Insane, and while in a fever of excitement during his debate over it, he found himself talking to empty benches, as the members of the Senate nearly all went into the lobby and did not care to listen to his dry speech. As he had sat down hard on his seat, all came in and cast their vote as above. The bill goes immediately to the House of Assembly and will undoubtedly pass the same, as that body of the Legislature is strongly in favor of the Governor's recommendations. I am told that the building will be enlarged for the accommodation of three hundred persons in the near future. It will be ready for the reception of one hundred pupils next fall.

Last summer, Editor Hodgson, in connection with one of my articles in the JOURNAL, said the New Jersey Institution would be cramped and incomplete for years. My reply was that such would not be the case, as New Jersey always takes the best care of its Institutions and Colleges, and it always does that without going into debt. I remember when I was a pupil at the New York Institution 15 or 16 years ago. It was then sadly in need of funds for a new heating apparatus, such as steam pipes, etc. The pupils would crowd around one little stove in the large sitting-room, and there was hardly a day through the winter that we could keep warm and comfortable.

Now let us compare the difference between the New York and New Jersey Institutions, the latter being fitted up at once and heated on the same plan as at our capital. It is true that we were made fun of for our small appropriation of \$15,000 at first. Senator Taylor would have asked \$50,000 or \$100,000, but he had been warned not to do so, for fear the bill would be defeated, and it was very wise in him to ask that small appropriation. A little amount to a great deal in the future. For instance, we plant three grains of corn to reap how many ears in the fall?

P. B. GULICK.

TRENTON, N. J., March 1, 1883.

The Constitution of the N. E. G. A.

February 10, 1883.

P. W. PACKARD, Treasurer.

DEAR SIR:—At last our Constitution is printed and ready for distribution. As the amount of funds in your hands is not sufficient to meet the expense and the agreement was for cash, I propose to pay the bill myself and wait until April, when the interest is due on the fund, for my remuneration, rather than interfere with the interest at present. The amount is not large, but if we do not look out for the pennies we cannot expect the dollars. If this is not satisfactory to you, please let me know. The circumstances attending the delay in the appearance of the constitution are well known to you. Weeks, Kinsman and yourself, have assisted me, for which you have my thanks. Those who find fault with it, and I suppose there will be some (as usual), should look to the cause of the delay for explanation. As many copies may be desired by those not members, I suggest you receive four three-cent stamps from outsiders for each copy. Yours truly,

JOHN T. TILLINGHAST,
President.

It is evident from the above that the President of the New England Gallaudet Association has not been at a stand still, but has been alive to his duties. The printed constitution has been sent to all the members. If any member has been omitted, please notify the undersigned, and a copy will be sent.

P. W. PACKARD,
Treasurer,
Salem, Mass.

The Assassins of Syria.

The real founder of the Assassins, a sect of Mahomedan fanatics which flourished during the time of the Crusades, was Hasan, son of Sabbah.

Hasan soon became prominent among the Assassins, and at last he came their chief. He dwelled in a very strong castle named Alamout, and although his laws were very severe, he was surrounded by devoted followers. Even paternal tenderness could not lead him to soften the severity of his laws. Hossien, his son, having killed a man without permission, he punished him with death. Another son, for having drank wine, met with the same fate.

The Assassins, as the name indicates, were murderers by profession. Whoever the chiefs ordered them to kill, were pretty sure to meet their fate, soon or later, for the Ismailians were perfectly willing to be killed themselves, provided they accomplished their purpose. They were divided into four classes—viz., the Supreme chief, the dais, the refik and the fedai.

The dais formed the first class of this sect. It was reserved to them to exercise the functions of missionaries, spreading themselves through out the provinces of Syria, preaching the dogmas of their worship, and receiving the professions of faith of such as were converted.

Under the name refik, the main body of the sectaries were comprised. The fedais were the ministers of the prince of the Assassins, who obeyed every command he gave them without question. It was in their hands he placed the knife under which were to fall without pity, all who opposed the establishment of his doctrine or combated it by dangerous arguments.

The manner in which the Prince of the Assassins usually made followers, is described as follows: "This prince called young people to be brought up, chosen from the most robust of the inhabitants of the places over which he ruled, to make of them the executioners of his barbarous decrees. All their education had for object to convince them that by blindly obeying the orders of their chiefs, they would secure themselves, after their death, the enjoyment of all the pleasures which delights the senses. To attain this aim, this prince caused delicious gardens to be made around his place. There, in pavilions, decorated with all that Asiatic luxury can imagine that is rich and brilliant, dwelt young beauties, concentrated solely to the pleasures of those for whom these enchanting places were destined. It was to this spot the Ismailian princes caused to be transported from time to time, the young men of whom they meant to make the blind instruments of their will. After having caused them to swallow a draught which plunged them into a profound sleep, and deprive them for some time of the use of their faculties, they had them conveyed to these pavilions. Upon awaking, everything which struck their ears or their eyes threw them into a ravishment of delight, which left reason no empire in their minds. Uncertain if they had already entered upon the enjoyment of the felicity of which a picture had so often been held up to their imaginations, they abandoned themselves with transport to all the various seductions by which they were surrounded. After they had passed some days in these gardens, the same means as had been employed to bring them there, without their knowledge, were again had recourse to to remove them from thence.

Advantage was carefully taken of the first moment of an awaking, which for them had put an end to so much enjoyment, to cause them to describe to their young companions the wonders of which they had been witnesses, and to convince them that the happiness of which they had during several fast-flitting days partaken, was but the prelude or foretaste of what they could secure an eternal possession of

by their submission to the orders of their prince." The Assassins believed in Mahomet, but the principal part of their creed consisted in blind obedience to their own chief.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Health Hints.

Hot drinks deaden the sensation of the tongue, injure the teeth and cause irritation of the nerves of the stomach.

No family should be without mustard as a remedy. Two or three tea-spoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water, acts as an emetic very promptly.

A gargle of salt and water, for sore throat, is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time, it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation.

Nature craves what will best agree with the system, and unless there is some special reason why it should be withheld, the desired food should be furnished if possible. One qualification, however, is necessary, and that is that the food requested should be wholesome and properly prepared.

Changes of location for invalids is an important curative element of itself, without reference to change of climate. As a rule, persons who have contracted diseases while residing near the sea, receive the most marked benefit by changing their residence to a location "inland," and beyond the influence of the salt air; on the contrary, people who reside inland, when health fails, are benefited by changing their residence to some point near the sea.

Physical exercise should be conducted in an abundance of fresh air, and in costumes allowing free play to the lungs, and of a material which will absorb the moisture, and which, therefore, should be afterward changed—flannel. There should always be a pleasant mental stimulus to give interest at the same time. The exercise should, as far as possible, involve all parts of the body and both sides equally.

When severe in character, the exercises should be begun gradually and pursued systematically, leaving off at first as soon as fatigue is felt. For young people, the times of physical and mental work should alternate, and for the former, the best part of the day should be selected. Active exertion should be neither immediately before nor immediately after a full meal.

A Bashful Clergyman.

The memorial sketch of the late Rev. William L. Gaylord, read at the recent meeting of the Congregational Club in Springfield, Mass., stated that he confessed to his friends that he was a very diffident man, a fact unsuspected by those who knew him intimately. In making such a confession, he once said that when he was a boy his mother used often to send him about the neighborhood to invite her friends to tea, and that when he reached a house where an invitation was to be left he never could look anybody in the face, but with eyes on the floor he would repeat these words which he had said over and over on his way there: "Mother sends her compliments, and she hopes you will take tea with her this evening." He went on to say that after he began to preach he could never catch the eyes of his audience till after he had listened to the sound of his own voice for awhile, and that at such times those same words were sure to come into his mind. "And some day," said he, "I shall speak them out, and you will be very much astonished to hear me remark at the opening of a sermon: 'Mother sends her compliments, and she hopes you will take tea with her this evening.'"

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Grand Rapids, 7:30 P. M., March 15th.
East Suginaw, 7:30 P. M., March 16th.

Detroit, (lecture), "17th.
" 10:30 A. M., Confirmation, 7:30, March 18th.
Dayton, 3 P. M.; Confirmation, 7:30, March 22d.

Cleveland, Easter "25th.
Other appointments may be made between Detroit and Dayton, of which due notice will be given.

Indianapolis, April 1st.
St. Louis, 7:30 P. M. April 7th.
" 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M., April 8th.

Bishop Robertson will administer the rite of confirmation to deaf-mutes in Christ Church, St. Louis, 3:00 P. M. April 8th.

Church News

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Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of new subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

No letter mailed after April 14th, 1883, will be counted.

Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.